



35
OCT 98

GUY GARDNER

WARRIOR

CORPS BREACH!

JIMENEZ
CHIN
STOKES
LANNING

SPACE, BETWEEN
BRIMANNU AND
RIMBOR...



"E'TIL--
YOU'VE DONE
IT! YOU'VE
DISABLED
HIS
SHIP! *

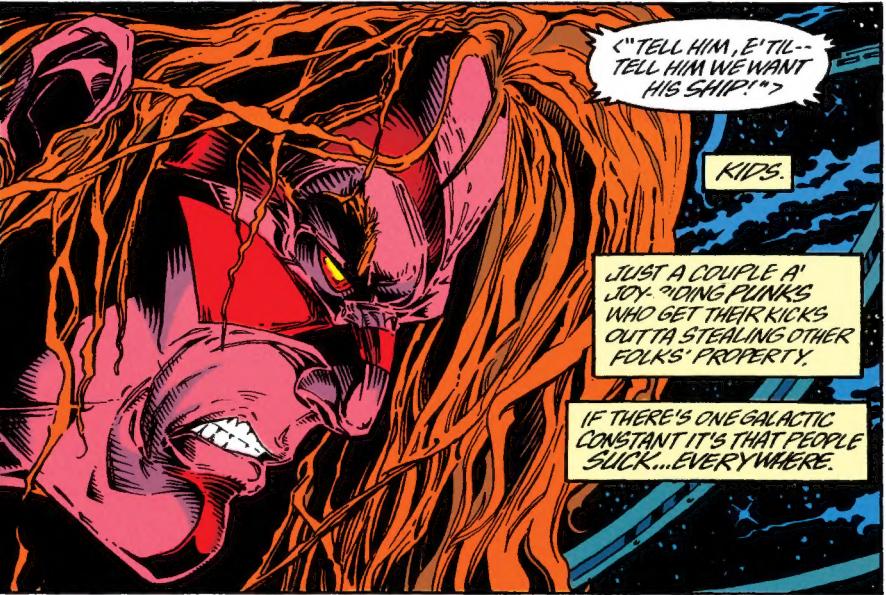
I HEAR THE VOICES OF THESE TWO "CRAFT-JACKING"
REJECTS CHIME THROUGH OVER THE TRANSCOM SYSTEM.

THE NAVIGATOR'S THE FIRST ONE TO GRUMBLE
SOMETHING OVER THE SUB SPACE CHANNEL
-- COUGHING LIKE A CHAIN SMOKER
AND SOUNDING LIKE A BOY GOING
HEADFIRST THROUGH PUBERTY.



A CIGAR-CHOMPING
PETER BRADY.

AND THEN I HEAR HER--
BABE'S GOT A VOICE
HIGHER 'N ALVIN OR
THE CHIPMUNKS.



"TELL HIM, E'TIL--
TELL HIM WE WANT
HIS SHIP!"

KIDS.

JUST A COUPLE A'
JOY-riding PUNKS
WHO GET THEIR KICKS
OUTTA STEALING OTHER
FOLKS' PROPERTY.

IF THERE'S ONE GALACTIC
CONSTANT IT'S THAT PEOPLE
SLICK...EVERYWHERE.



ANY OTHER DAY, I MIGHT 'VE
LET 'EM OFF THE HOOK WITH
A SLAP ON THE WRIST AND
MY BOOT IN THEIR BEHINDS.

TOO BAD
TODAY
AIN'T
THAT DAY.

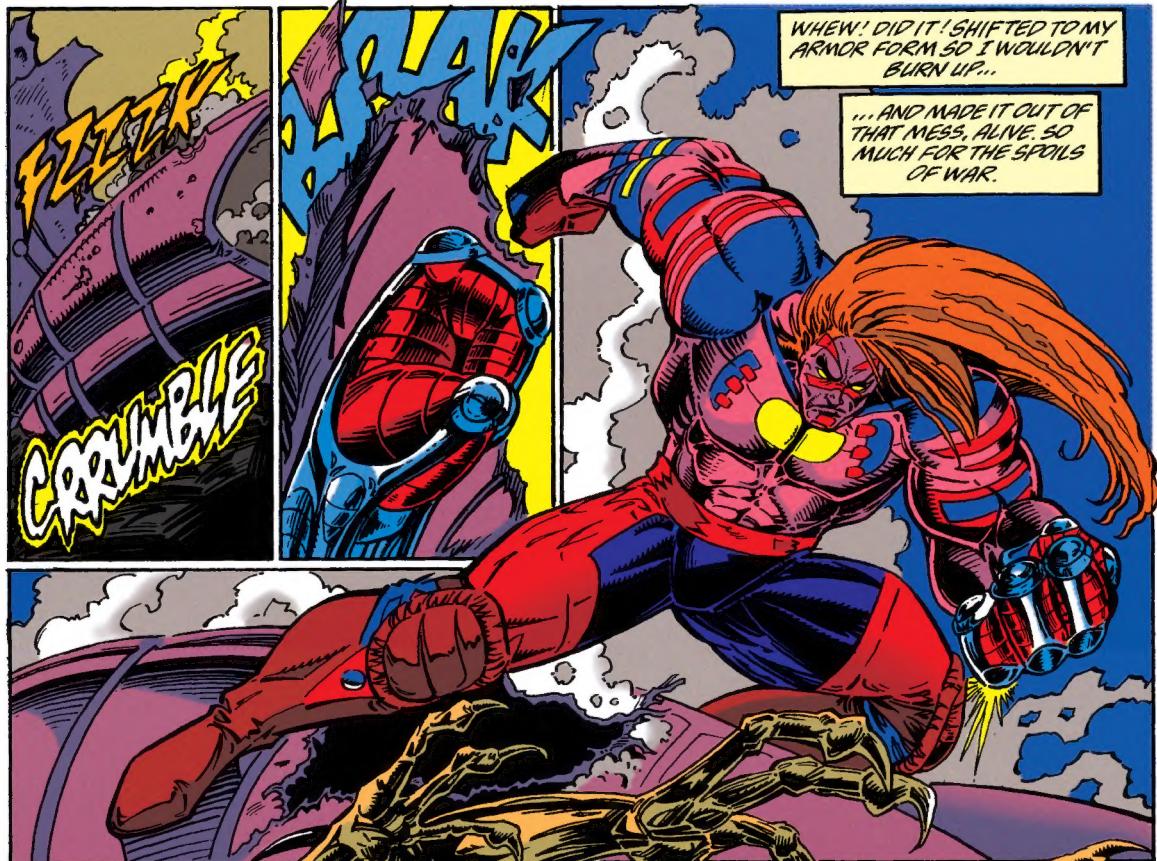
FALLING DOWN

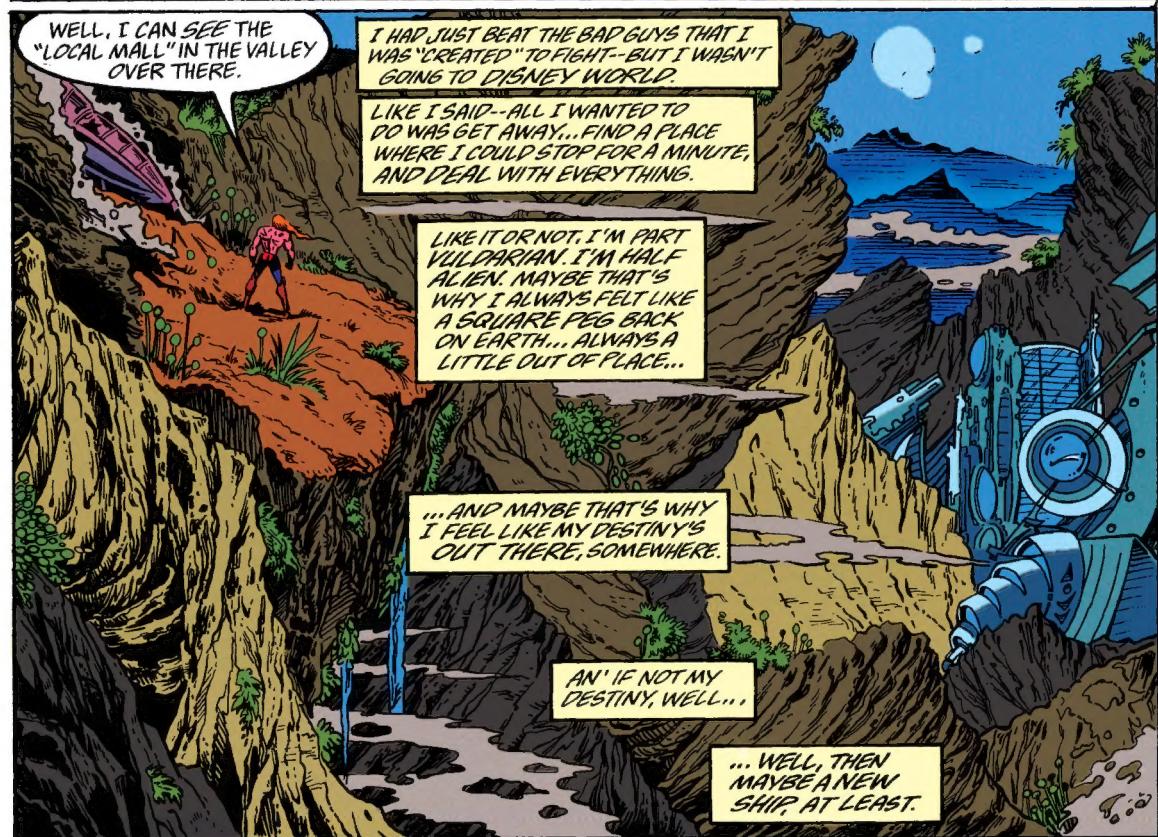
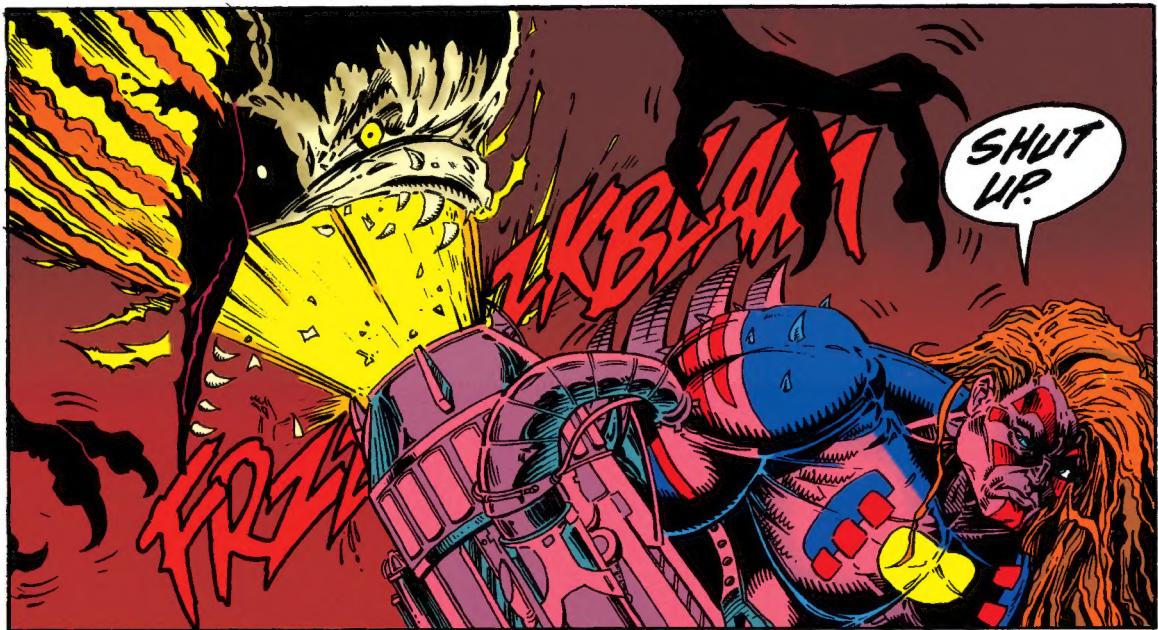


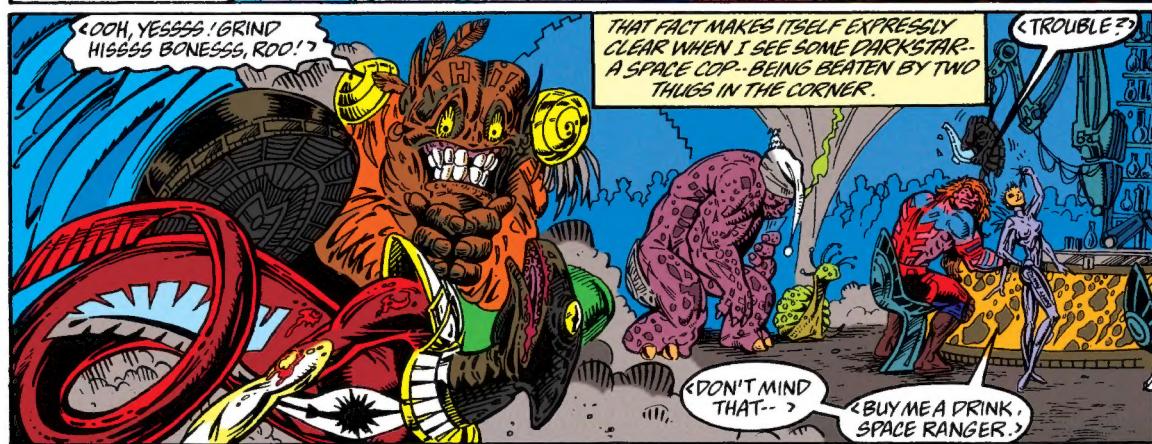
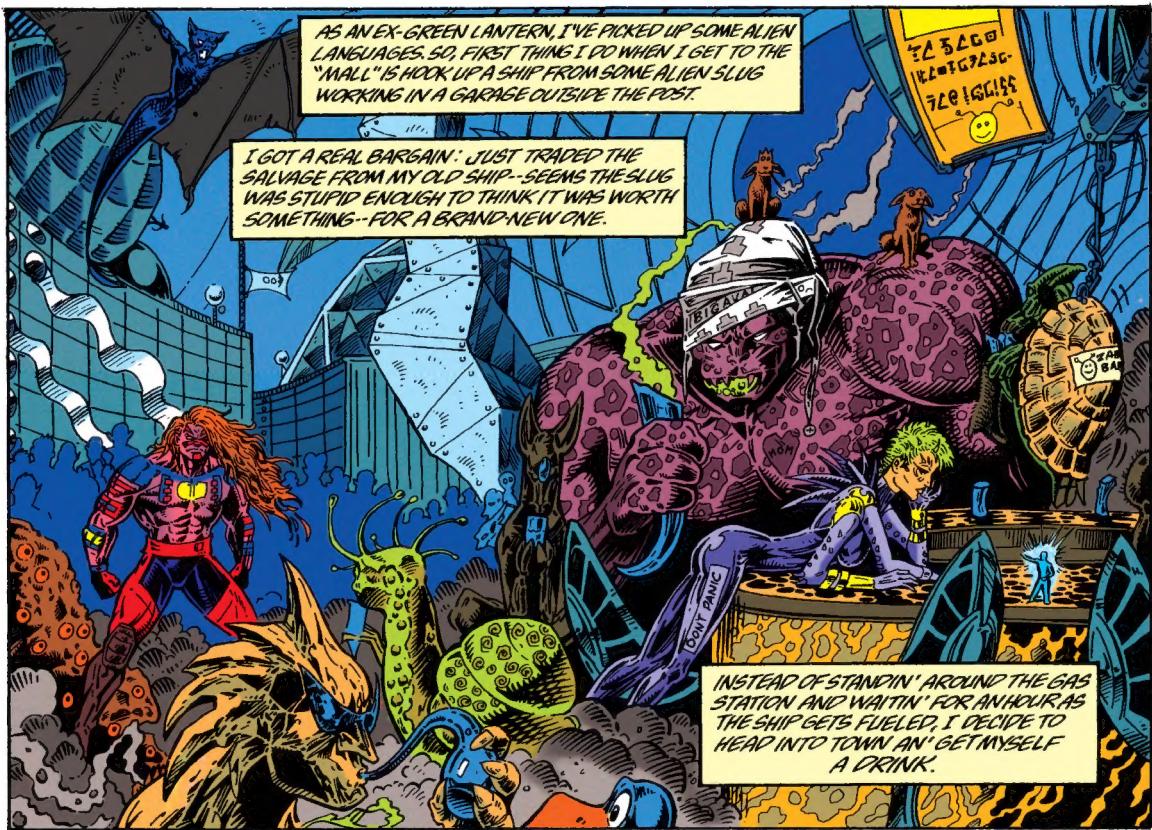


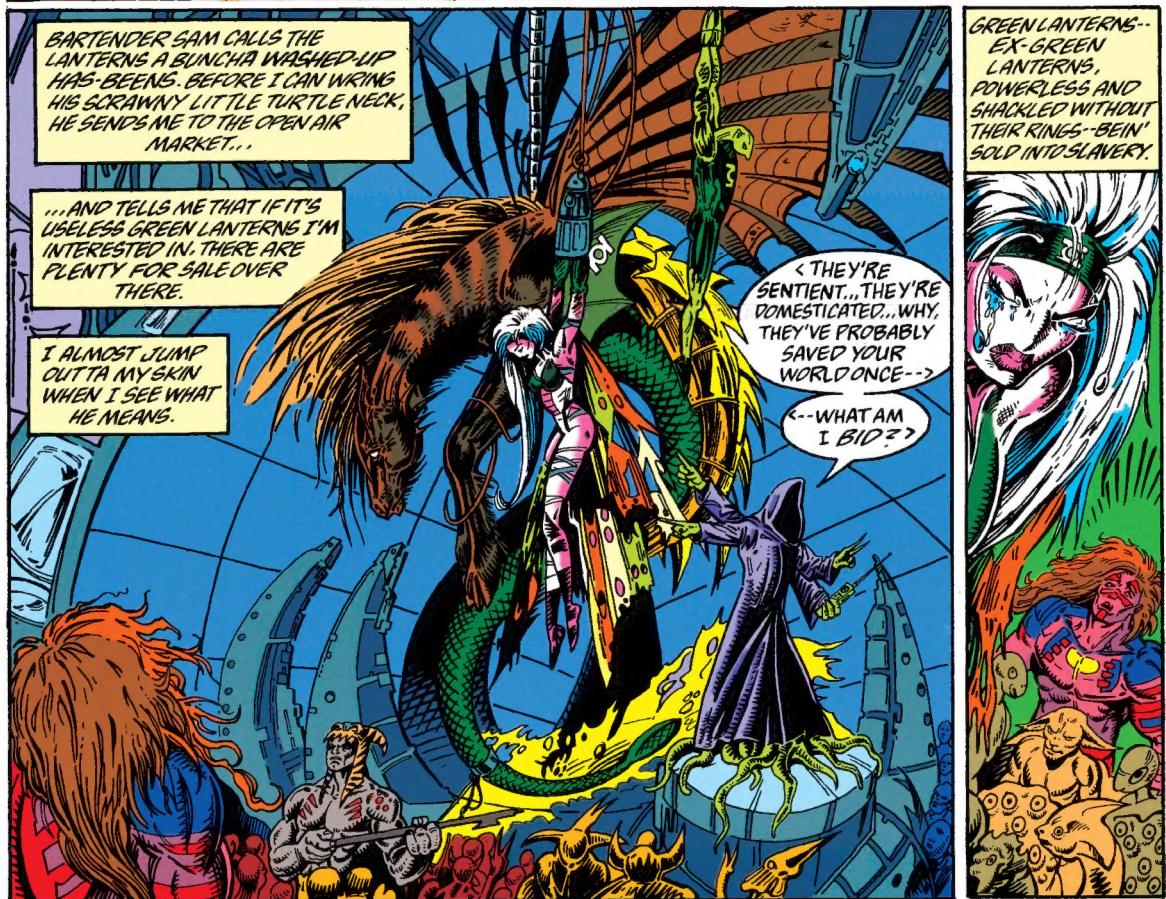
I GUESS THERE WAS A
REASON BLUE BEETLE
NEVER LET ME BORROW
THE JUSTICE LEAGUE
SHUTTLES.

KRAHON

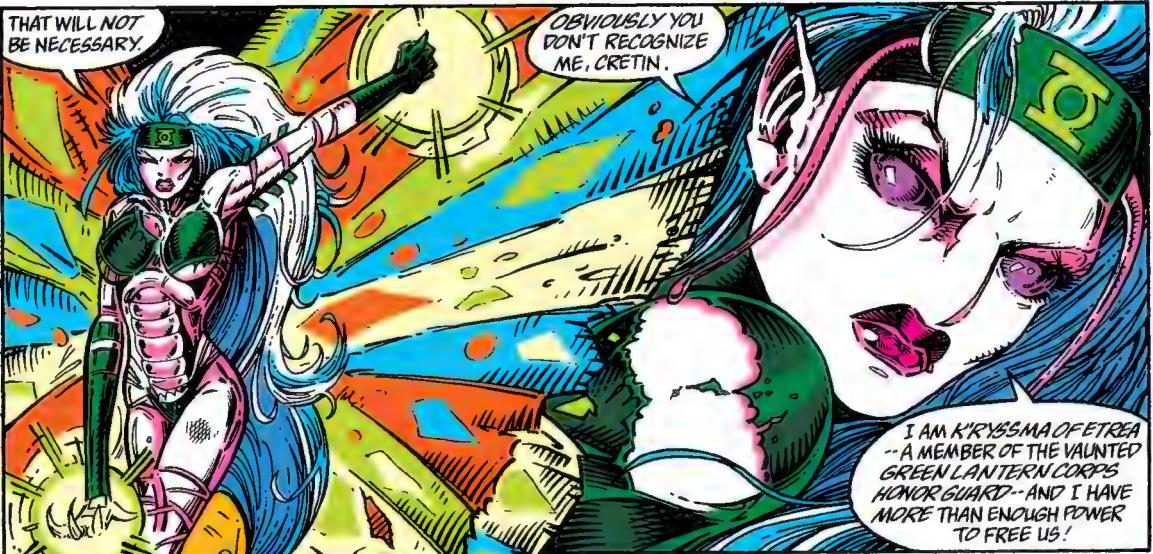












INTERLUDE: NEW YORK CITY, EARTH.
THE WARRIOR'S BAR GYM.

ARISIA--OK, LET'S GET THIS PHYSICAL THERAPY STARTED. WE'LL DO A LITTLE SPARRIN'.

UH... IF YOU THINK SO, TED.

BUT I'LL KICK YOUR WILDCAT BUTT, OLD MAN!

OLD MAN?!

HEY--I RESEMBLE THAT REMARK!

IT'S GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN A FEW BROKEN BONES TO STOP ME FROM LIVING A LONG, FULL LIFE...

...AND GROWING TO BE AT LEAST AS ANCIENT AS YOU ARE!

ON! NICE SHOT!
I WAS TAKIN' IT EASY ON YOU--YER SUPPOSED TO BE RECOVERIN'.

HAR HAR.

ANY WORD FROM GUY?

NADA. IF HE'S HEADING BACK TO EARTH, HE'S TAKING HIS OWN SWEET TIME.

WONDER WHAT HE'S GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO?

I DON'T KNOW, HONEY. BUT IT'S NOT HIM I'M WORRIED ABOUT. LESS THAN FIVE WEEKS AGO, YOU HAD A BROKEN SPINE--

NOW LOOK AT YA...

WELL, I DO FEEL BETTER THAN EVER--LIKE I CAN TAKE ON THE WHOLE WORLD.

HMPH.

MY NEW SHIP WAS WAITIN' FOR US AT THE DOCK, FUELED AND READY TO BLAST OFF--LITERALLY.

ONCE WE'RE SAFELY OFF PLANET, I LET OLD K'RYSMA HERE FILL ME IN ON JUST WHO'S BEEN STALKING THE GALAXY AND ROUNDIN' UP EX-GLS FOR THE LOCAL SLAVE TRADE.



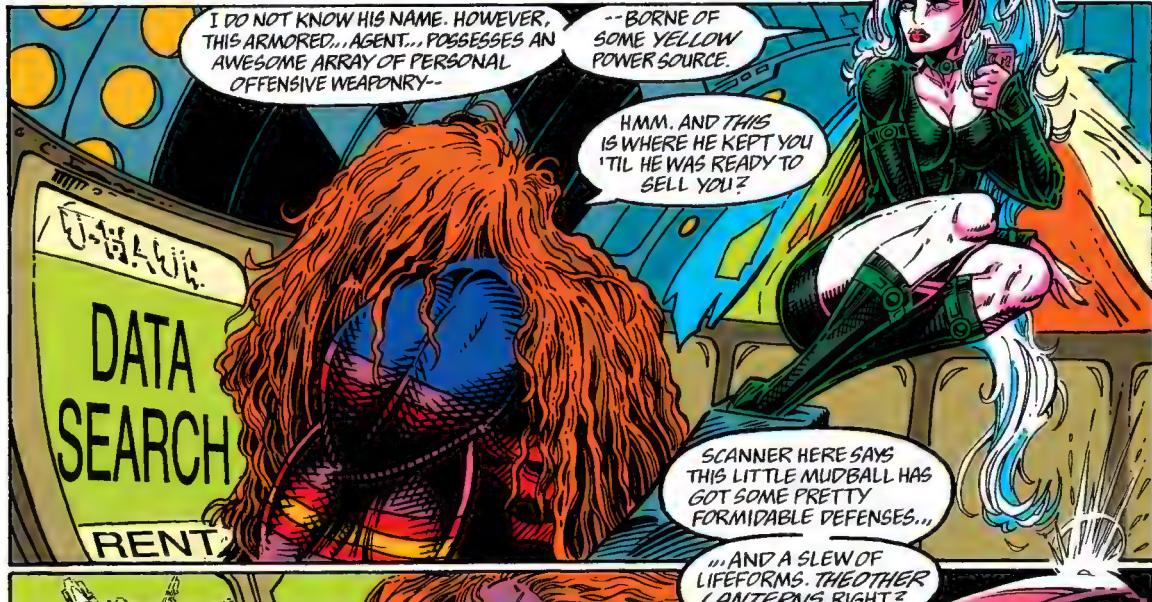
I DO NOT KNOW HIS NAME. HOWEVER, THIS ARMORED... AGENT... POSSESSES AN AWESOME ARRAY OF PERSONAL OFFENSIVE WEAPONRY--

--BORNE OF SOME YELLOW POWER SOURCE.

HMM, AND THIS IS WHERE HE KEPT YOU 'TIL HE WAS READY TO SELL YOU?

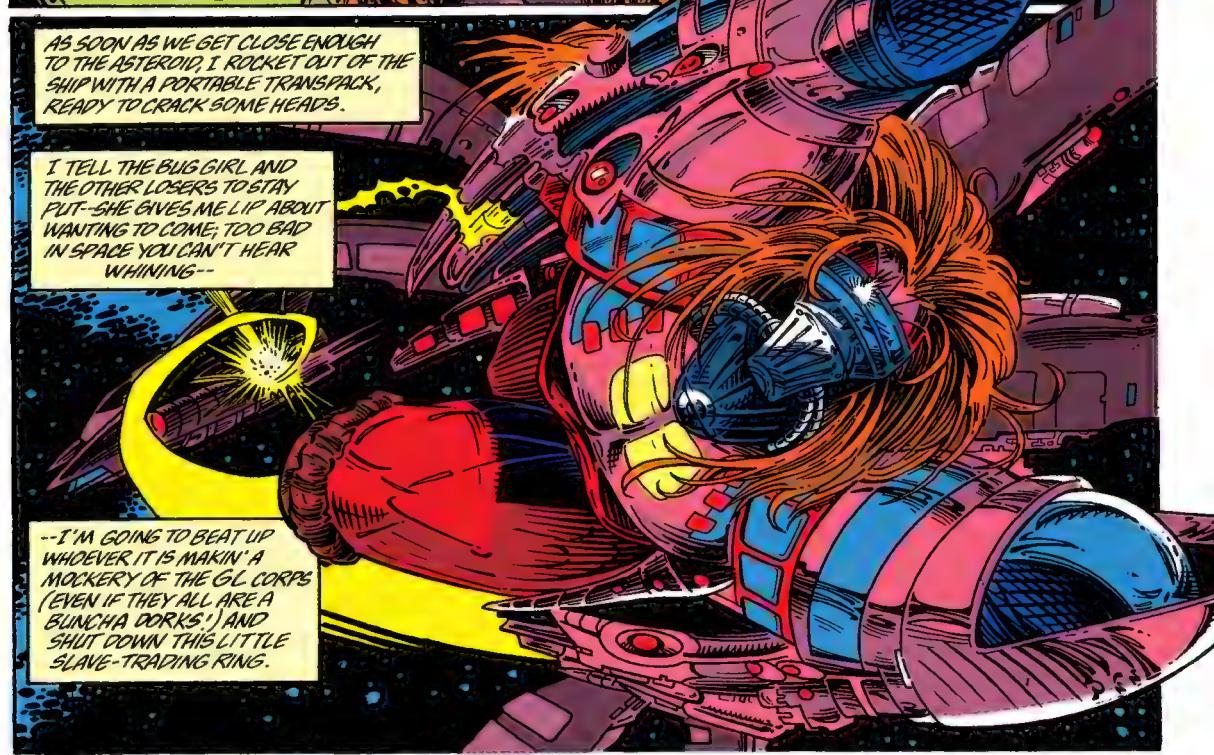
SCANNER HERE SAYS THIS LITTLE MUDBALL HAS GOT SOME PRETTY FORMIDABLE DEFENSES...

...AND A SLEW OF LIFEFORMS. THE OTHER LANTERNS, RIGHT?

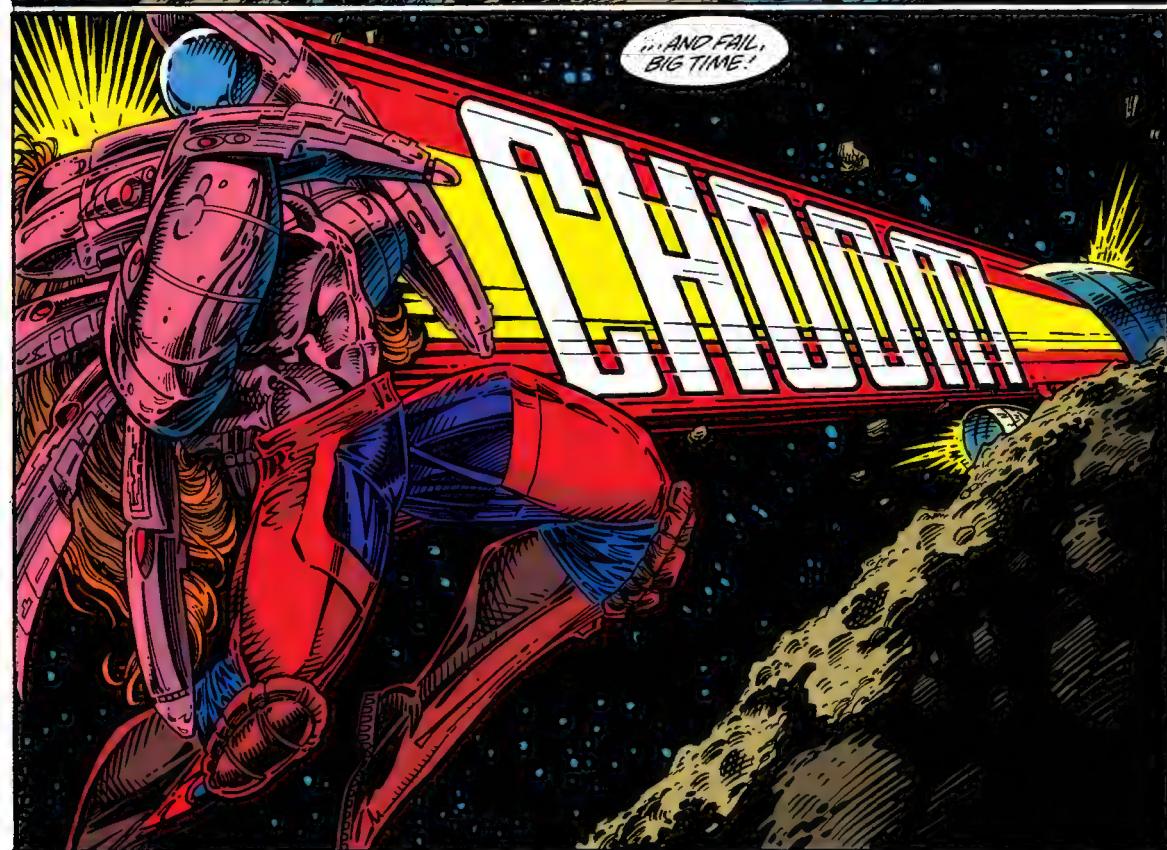
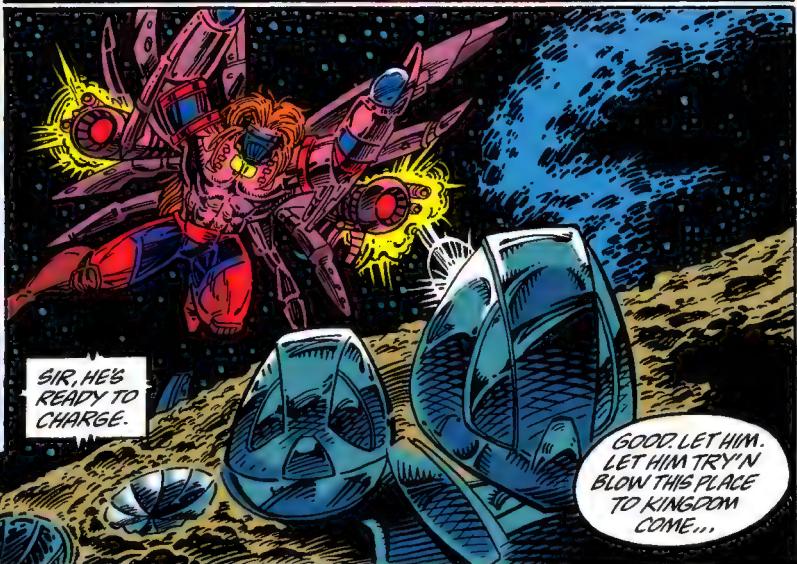


AS SOON AS WE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE ASTEROID, I ROCKET OUT OF THE SHIP WITH A PORTABLE TRANSPACK, READY TO CRACK SOME HEADS.

I TELL THE BUG GIRL AND THE OTHER LOSERS TO STAY PUT--SHE GIVES ME LIP ABOUT WANTING TO COME; TOO BAD IN SPACE YOU CAN'T HEAR WHINING--

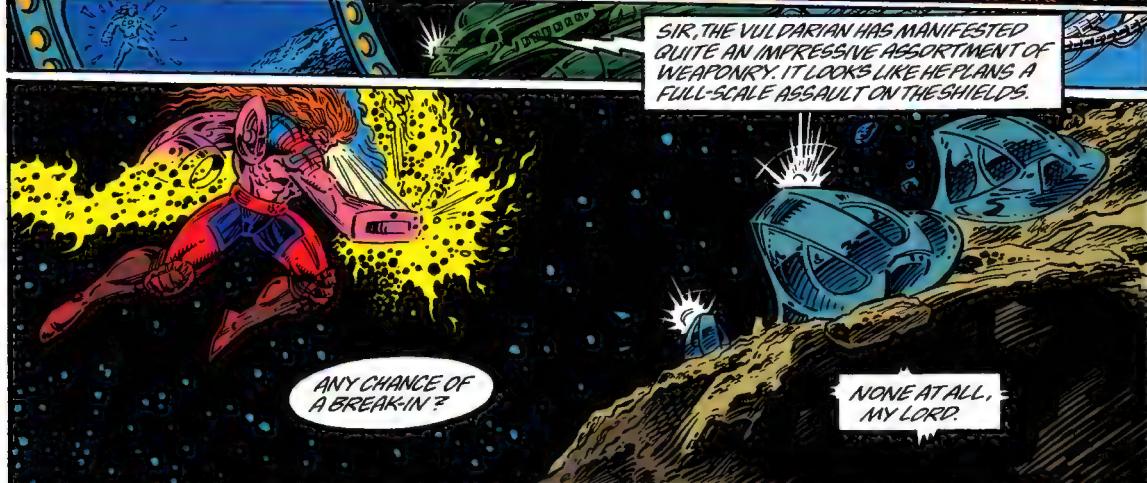


-I'M GOING TO BEAT UP WHOEVER IT IS MAKIN' A MOCKERY OF THE GL CORPS (EVEN IF THEY ALL ARE A BLINCHA DORK'S!) AND SHUT DOWN THIS LITTLE SLAVE-TRADING RING.





THE ASTEROID MUST HAVE
SOME SORT OF ARTIFICIAL
ATMOSPHERE ON THE
SURFACE - HOW ELSE COULD
THIS TURKEY USE SOUND AS
A WEAPON IN THE VACUUM
OF SPACE?



SIR, HE'S IN. AND HE'S CALLING FOR YOU. AS WELL AS THE CAPTURED GREEN LANTERNS.

I MADE IT PAST YOUR TINKER TOYS, PUS-BUCKET! I'M HERE!

YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET, LOSER.

SEND OUT A PAWN SQUADRON-- NOTHIN' TOO POWERFUL-- JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM BUSY FOR A BIT.

GUNAARD

GUNAARD

SENDIN'
WALL UNITS
TO STOP ME
NOW?

HEY,
SPACE-TURD!
YOU GOT THE
GLUTS TO FACE ME,
ONE ON ONE...

...OR ARE YOU GONNA
SEND SOME MORE
FURNITURE...

...TO DO THE
DIRTY WORK
FOR YOU?!

SIR, HE'S
DESTROYING
PAWN SQUADRON
ONE.

GUNAARD

LET HIM. LET HIM
KILL 'EM ALL IF HE
WANTS TO. HELL, LET
HIM FIND THE GLS,
TOO...

...AS LONG
AS WE LEAD
HIM TO ME.

BLAM

I FOUND MY WAY
THROUGH THE DEMON
GUARDS AND THROUGH THE
WALLS OF THE COMPOUND,
SEARCHING FOR THE RINGLEADER.

INSTEAD I FIND EX-GREEN
LANTERNS—SCORES OF 'EM
TRAPPED IN ORGANIC CHAINS, BEIN'
SAFEGUARDED BY MORE OF THE
HORSE-HEADED GUARDS.

BLAM

BLAM

I ANNIHILATE A FEW OF THE
SENTRIES; THE GLS I FREE
SLAG A FEW MORE AND THEN
WE ALL TAG-TEAM TO FREE
THE REST OF THE SLAVES FROM
THEIR HOLDING CELLS...

SALAKK--?
IS THAT
YOU?

GARDNER--?
YEAH, IT'S ME.
I'VE COME TO
RESCUE
YOUR SORRY
BUTTS.

Y'HEAR THAT, FOLKS? I'M
HERE TO SAVE YOU. ME, THE
GUY NOBODY THOUGHT
WAS GOOD ENOUGH
TO BE A GREEN
LANTERN.

WHEN YOU'RE DONE BEATIN'
UP THE PONIES, I NEED YOU
TO HELP ME FIND THE CREEP
WHO'S KEPT YOU IN
CHAINS...

...AND THEN I'M GONNA
BEAT HIM INTO A BLOODY
PULP.

OH, GARDNER...
YOU WERE CLOSE TO
HIM... OH, WHAT HE DID
TO THE POOR DOG...

SIR, HE'S ACTUALLY FREED QUITE A FEW OF THE GREEN LANTERNS, AND AT THE EXPENSE OF A SMALL NUMBER OF OUR PAWN SQUADS.

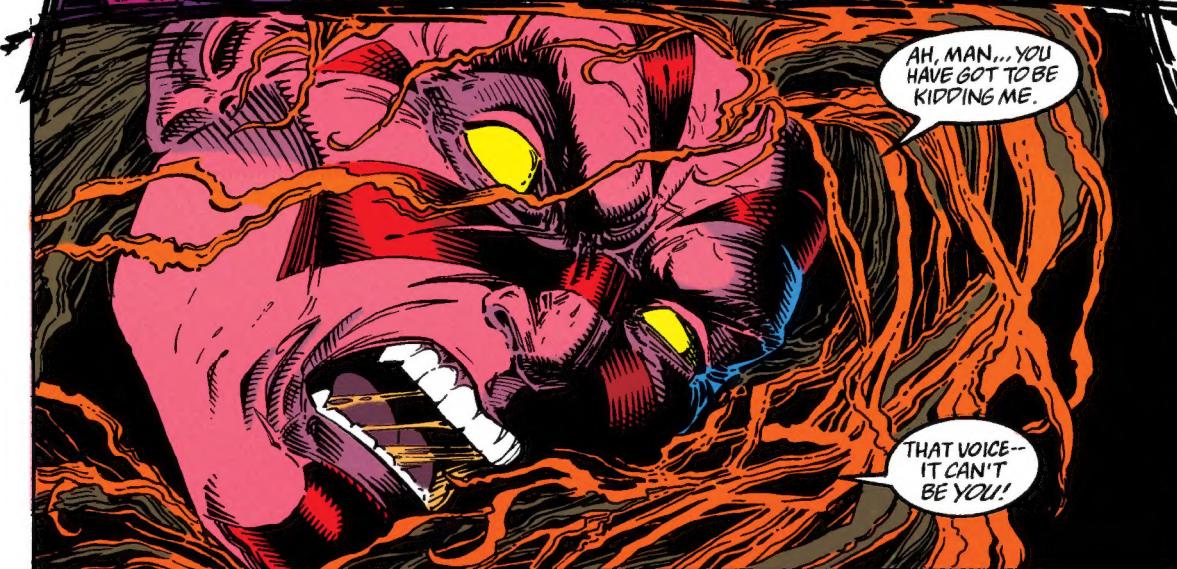
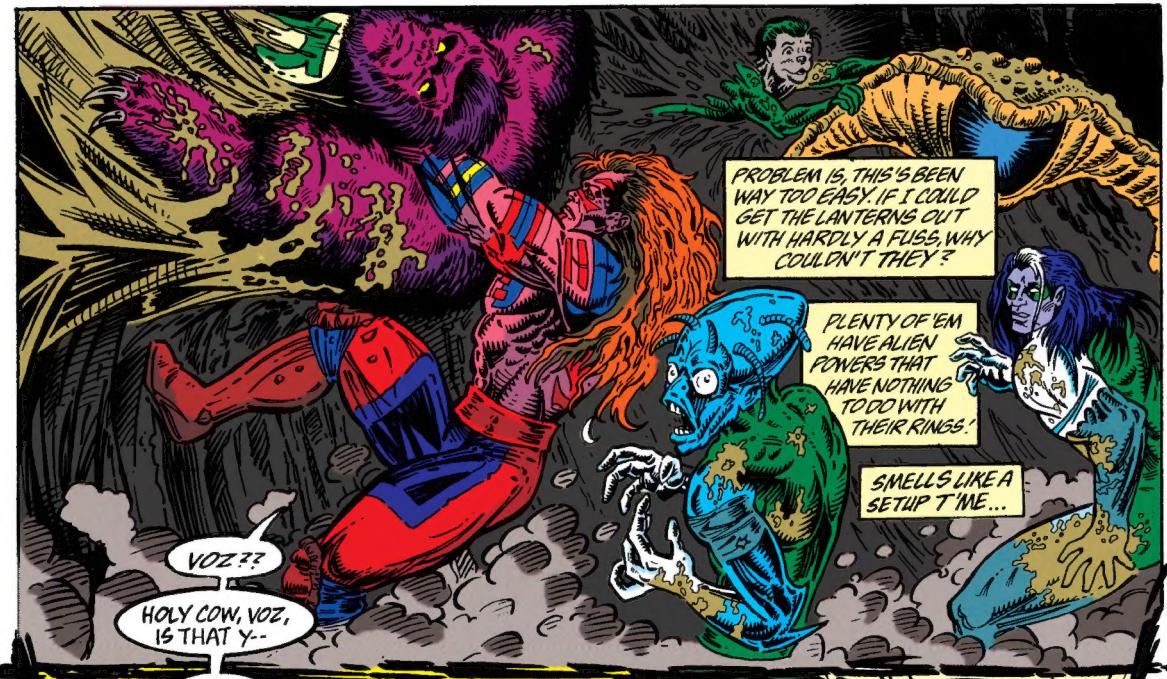
IT DOESN'T MATTER, LONG AS THE CHECKS'RE IN PLACE'N THE GUARDS STILL LEAD GARDNER TO ME.

PERCIVAL, SHILANDRA, AMANITA. HAVEN'T SEEN THESE GUYS IN AGES. MAN I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THE REST OF THESE CLOWNS ARE!

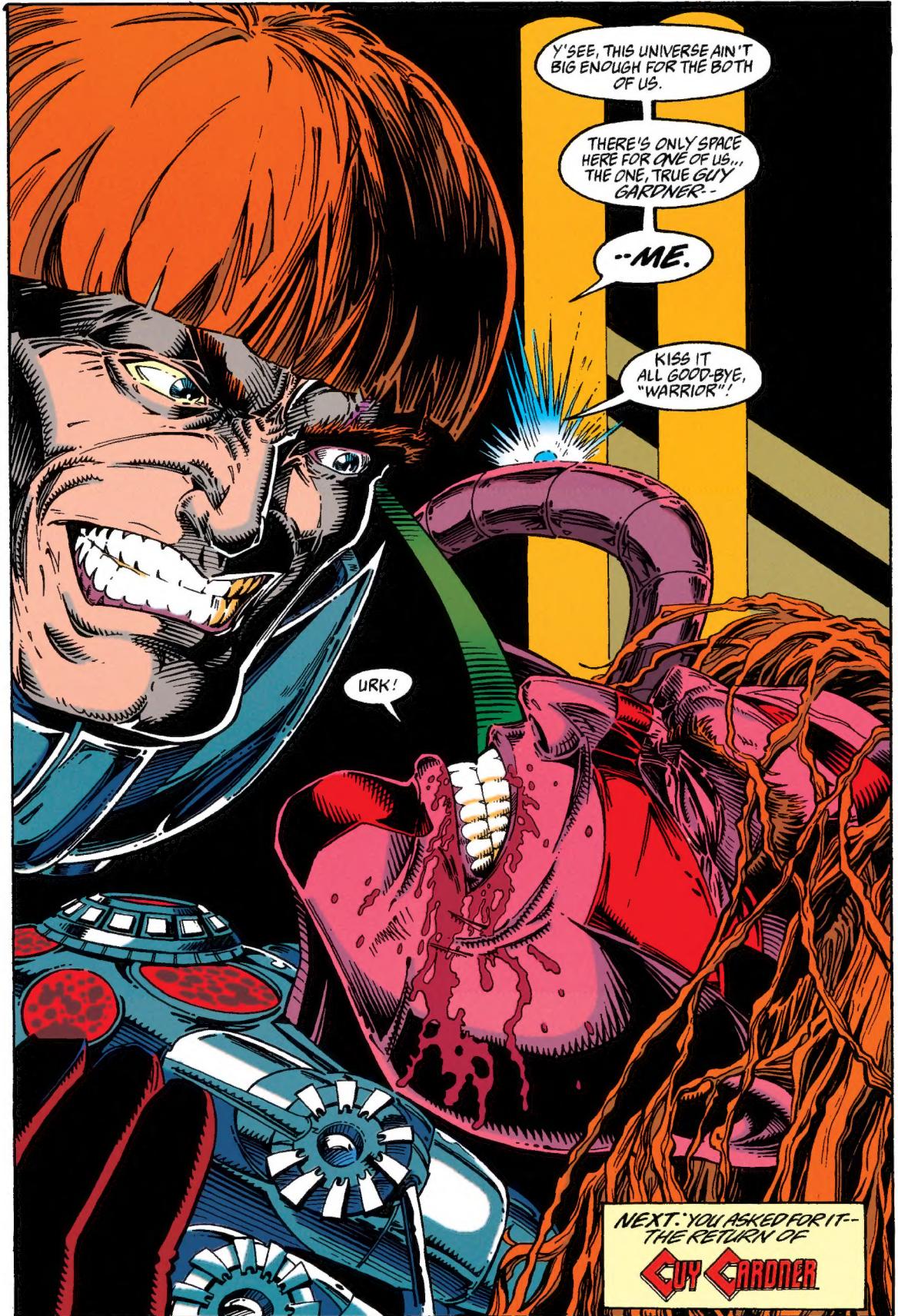


LETHIM HAVE HIS FUN. IT AIN'T GONA LAST.









NEXT: YOU ASKED FOR IT--
THE RETURN OF

GUY GARDNER

From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH



ADAM & EVE

